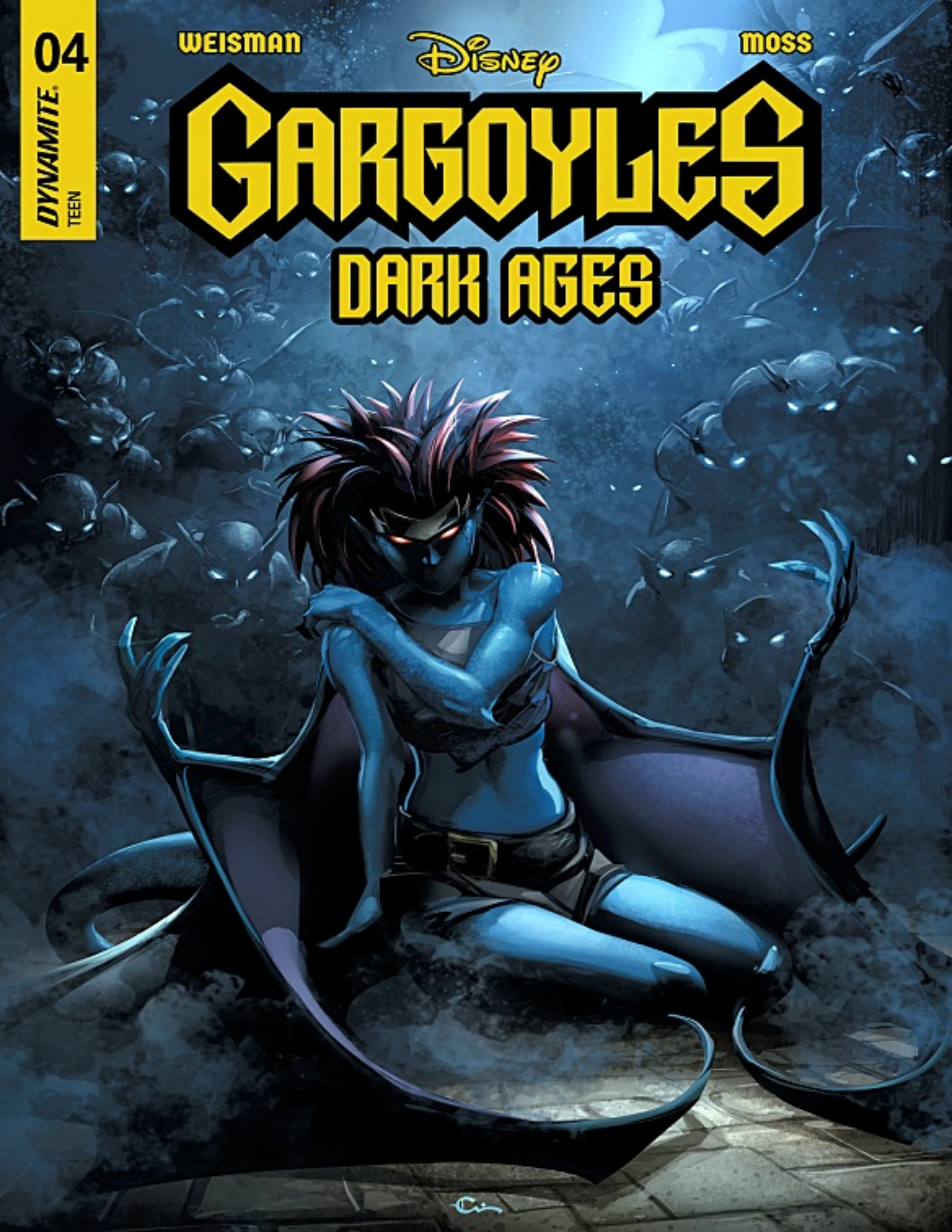
04
DYNAMITE
TEEN
WEISMAN
Disney
MOSS
GARGOYLES
DARK AGES

There is much to *safeguard* upon this hill...

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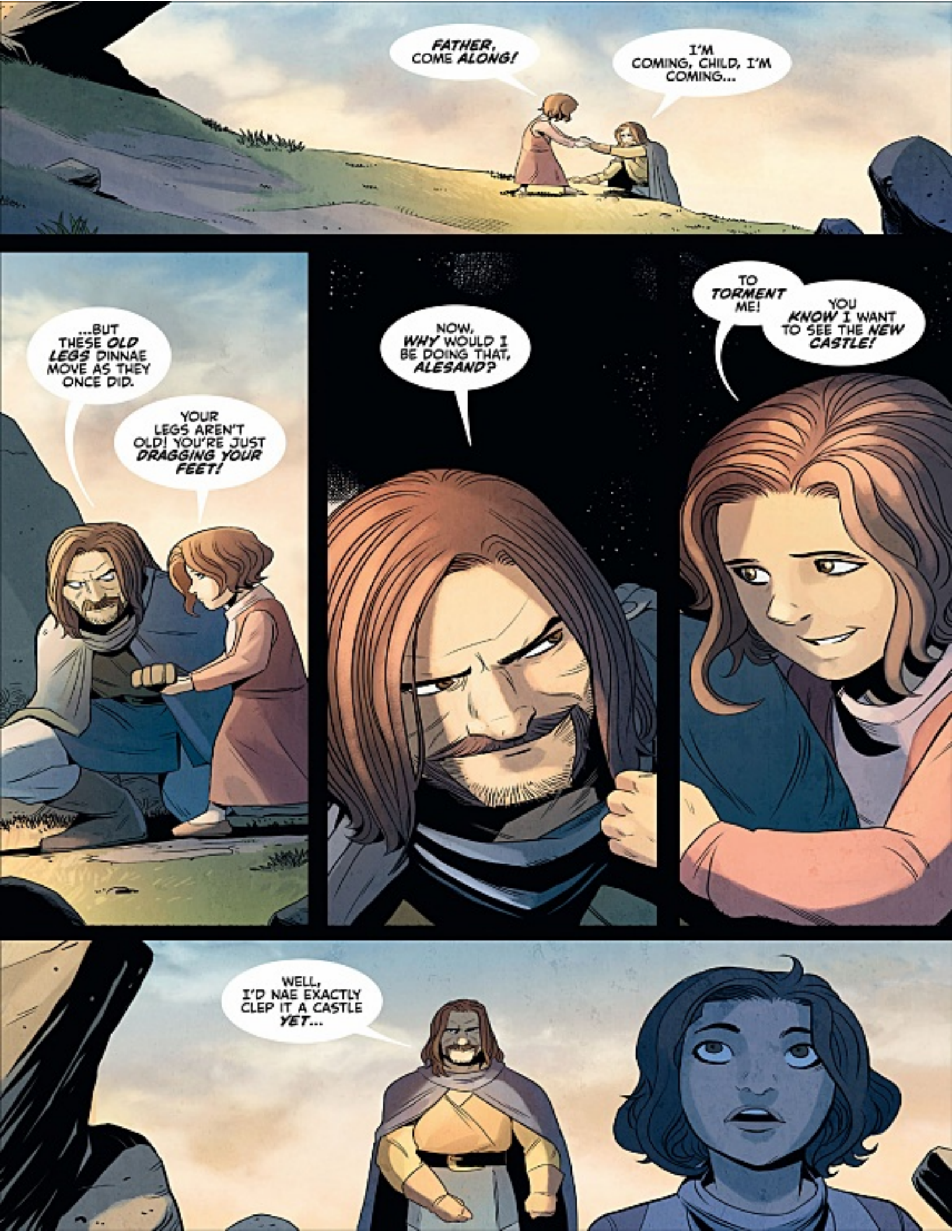

FATHER, COME ALONG!
I'M COMING, CHILD, I'M COMING...
...BUT THESE OLD LEGS DINNAE MOVE AS THEY ONCE DID.
YOUR LEGS AREN'T OLD! YOU'RE JUST DRAGGING YOUR FEET!
NOW, WHY WOULD I BE DOING THAT, ALESAND?
TO TORMENT ME!
YOU KNOW I WANT TO SEE THE NEW CASTLE!
WELL, I'D NAE EXACTLY CLEP IT A CASTLE YET...

...BUT WE'RE GETTING THERE.
HO, ROBBIE! IS THIS NAE PROGRESS?!
THE PROMISE OF A BETTER LIFE FOR THE HUMANS AND GARGOYLES OF WYVERN HILL FAST APPROACHES!

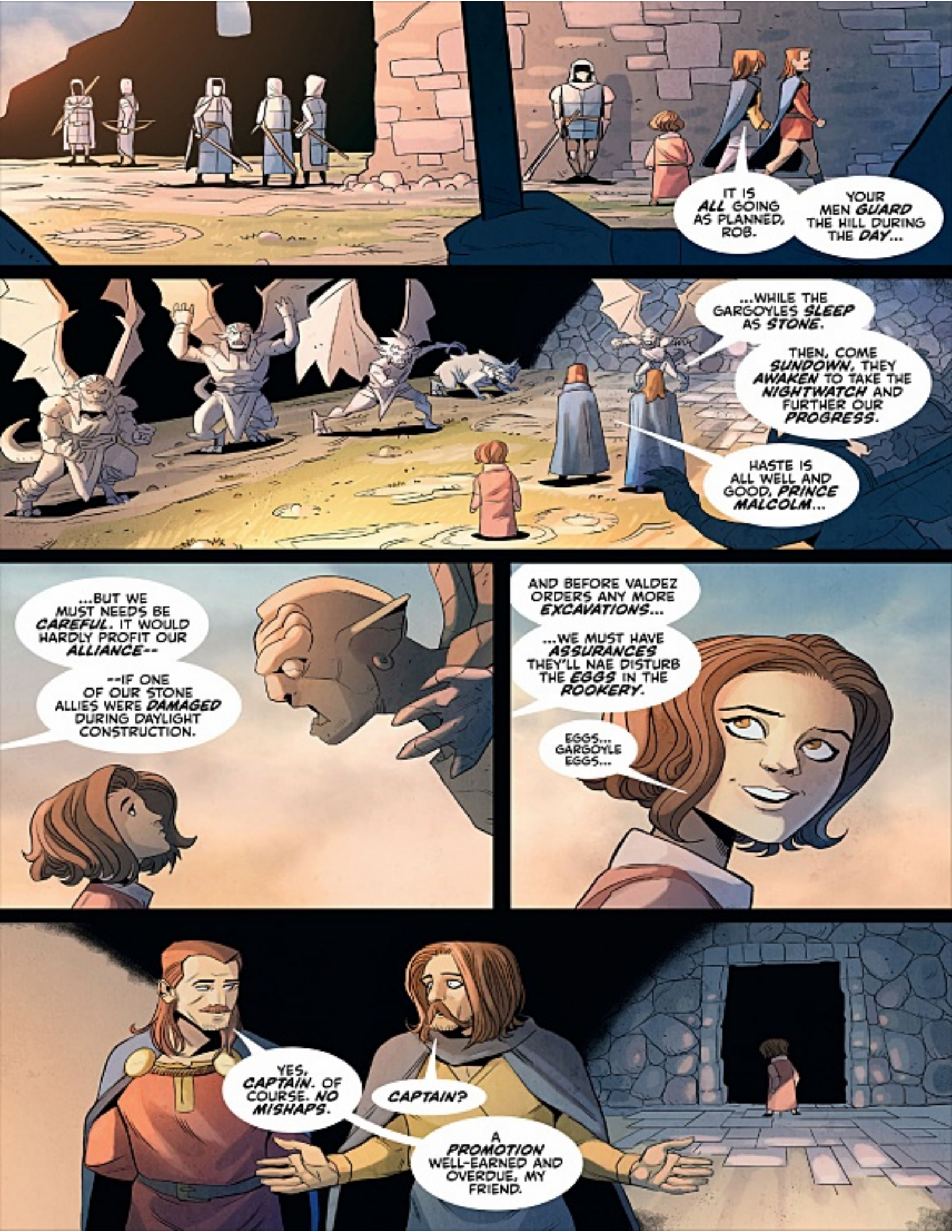
Disney GARGOYLES DARK AGES

ALLIANCE

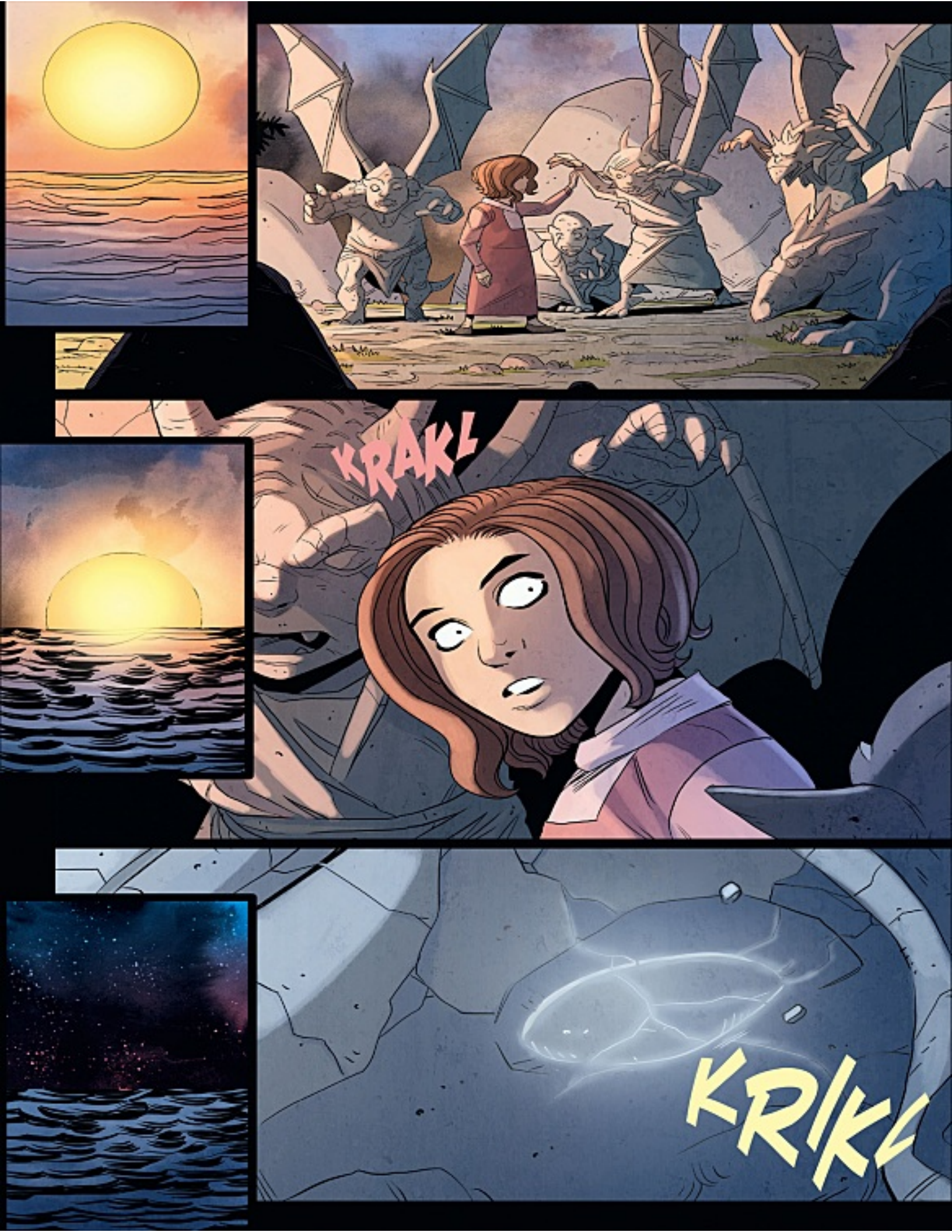
Chapter Four: The Promise

Greg Weisman *Writer*
Drew Moss *Artist*
Martina Pignedoli *Color Artist*
Jeff Eckleberry *Letterer*
Clayton Crain *Main Cover*
Nathan Cosby *Packager/Editor*

TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT BROTHER VALDEZ, HERE, HAS UNEARTHED...
ANCIENT AND LONG-BURIED FOUNDATION WORK.
THERE WAS SOMETHING BUILT HERE?
SOMETHING ON THIS CLIFF BEFORE EVEN THE GARGOYLES?
BEFORE THEM? NO SÉ. PERHAPS LAS GÁRGOLAS BUILT HERE THEM-SELVES...
...OR PERHAPS WE ARE NOT THE FIRST--TO ALLY WITH THEM.
BUT EITHER WAY, WE CAN BUILD UPON THESE FOUNDATIONS TO SPEED CONSTRUCTION?
SÍ, MI PRINCIPE.
BETWEEN THIS DISCOVERY AND THE NIGHTLY AID OF OUR NOCTURNAL FRIENDS...
...I DOUBT ANY CASTLE HAS EVER BEEN ERECTED SO RAPIDLY.


IT IS ALL GOING AS PLANNED, ROB.
YOUR MEN GUARD THE HILL DURING THE DAY...
...WHILE THE GARGOYLES SLEEP AS STONE.
THEN, COME SUNDOWN, THEY AWAKEN TO TAKE THE NIGHTWATCH AND FURTHER OUR PROGRESS.
HASTE IS ALL WELL AND GOOD, PRINCE MALCOLM...
...BUT WE MUST NEEDS BE CAREFUL. IT WOULD HARDLY PROFIT OUR ALLIANCE--
--IF ONE OF OUR STONE ALLIES WERE DAMAGED DURING DAYLIGHT CONSTRUCTION.
AND BEFORE VALDEZ ORDERS ANY MORE EXCAVATIONS...
...WE MUST HAVE ASSURANCES THEY'LL NAE DISTURB THE EGGS IN THE ROOKERY.
EGGS... GARGOYLE EGGS...
YES, CAPTAIN. OF COURSE. NO MISHAPS.
CAPTAIN?
A PROMOTION WELL-EARNED AND OVERDUE, MY FRIEND.

I KNOW GARGOYLES DON'T NAME THEIR YOUNG...
...BUT AS SOON AS YOU *HATCH*, I *PROMISE* TO GIVE NAMES TO EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU!
AND I WILL HELP *TAKE CARE* OF YOU...
AND YOU WILL NOT TRY TO *SCARE* ME...
AND WE WILL ALL BE *GREAT FRIENDS*...


KRAK!
KRIK

RRRUU

A LITTLE HIGHER!
AND PULL!!
AND WHAT ARE YE BOTH ABOUT THEN?!
WE COULD USE YOUR STRONG BACKS TO SPEED AN *END* TO ALL THIS *CHAOS!*
NOW! WHILE THE NIGHT'S STILL YOUNG!
COMING!
ON OUR WAY!

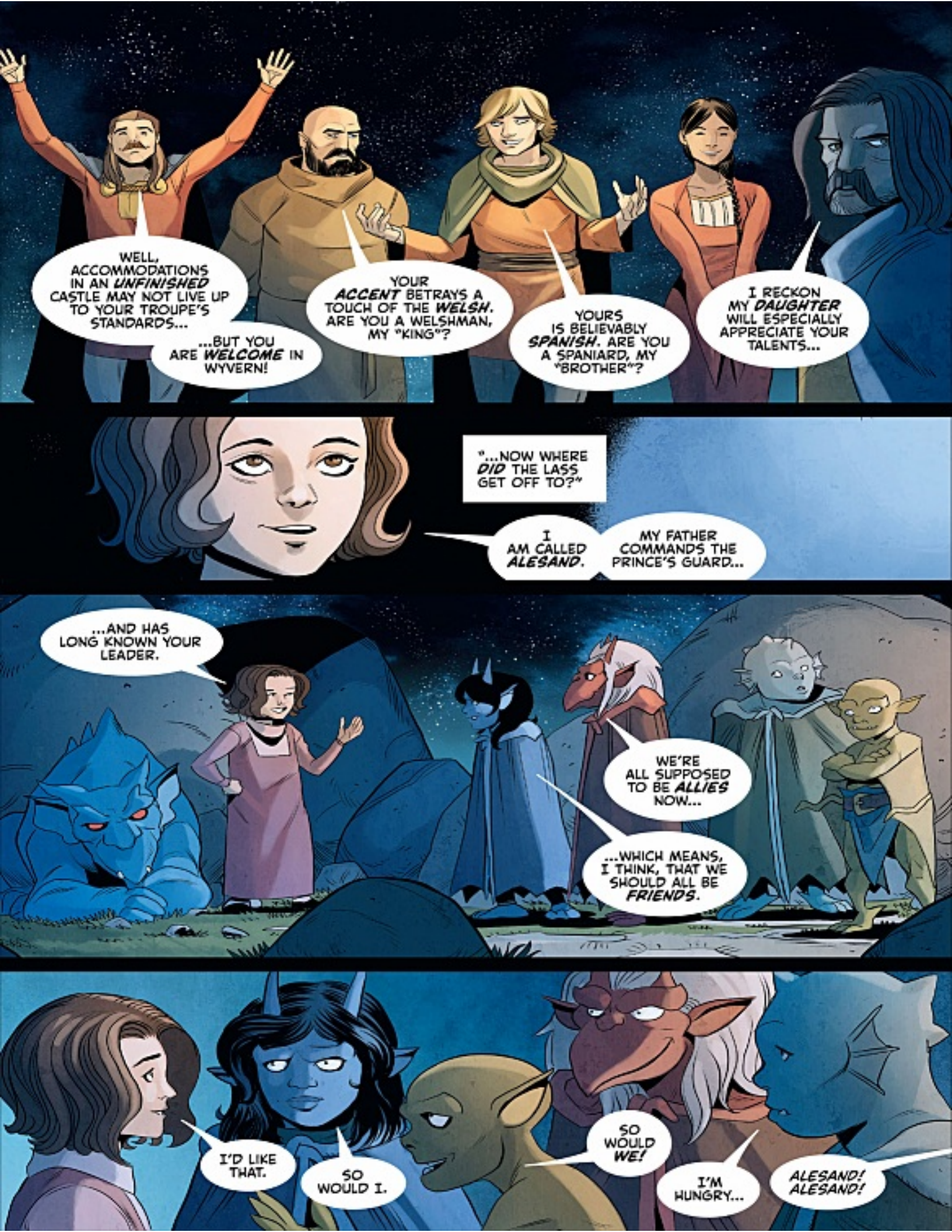
IT SEEMS WE MUST TAKE OUR LEAVE OF YOU FOR A TIME...
UNLESS YOU WOULD *JOIN* US...?
LATER, PERHAPS...
I HAVE *OTHER* DUTIES TO OCCUPY MY TIME JUST NOW...

:RRRRRRR:
:UHNNHHH:
HERE, BROTHER. IT SEEMS YOU COULD USE SOME HELP.
HELP IS ALWAYS APPRECIATED, SISTER.
APPRECIATED AND NECESSARY, I'D WAGER.
:NNNNHH:
:UR-RRRR:

I AM PROUD OF YOU, LITTLE SISTER, FOR SEEKING TO EXPLORE YOUR SPIRITUALITY...
I WANT TO BE A WARRIOR-PRIESTESS LIKE YOU.
ONE THING AT A TIME...
YOU MADE A WISE DECISION IN CHOOSING TO SERVE ME, GARGOYLE...
YOU PROMISED ME THE POWER TO PROTECT MYSELF AND MY CLAN.
ONE THING AT A TIME...
CLOSE YOUR EYES AND OPEN YOURSELF UP TO THE LIFE AROUND YOU THIS NIGHT...
READ THE FIRST PASSAGE ON THE PAGE.
READ?
I--I AM NOT CERTAIN HOW TO DO THAT...
I DO NOT KNOW HOW TO READ.
THEN WE HAVE MUCH WORK TO DO.
THEN YOU HAVE MUCH WORK TO DO.

HO THERE, GOOD FELLOWS!
WOULD YOU WELCOME A TROUPE OF PLAYERS?!
THOSE WHO WOULD SING FOR THEIR SUPPER?!
I'VE ALWAYS LOVED A GOOD SHOW, SIR. WHAT DO YOU CALL YOURSELVES?
THROUGHOUT THE KNOWN WORLD, WE ARE HERALDED AND ACCLAIMED AS THE LIGHT-BRINGERS!
"LIGHT-BRINGERS...?"
INDEED. FOR SUCH IS THE WONDROUS NATURE OF THE TALES WE TELL.

I AM PRINCE MALCOLM OF WYVERN. ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE...
ROBERT, OUR CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD.
BROTHER VALDEZ, ARCHITECT TO THE KING.
AND MENTOR, RHYDDERCH OF THE WYVERN GARGOYLE CLAN.
AN HONOR TO MEET YOU ALL!
AND WHAT A PLEASURE TO SEE HUMANS AND GARGOYLES LIVING IN HARMONY.
NOW, IN THE GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD, I AM KNOWN AS THE PLAYER KING...
...WHILE THIS BEAUTEOUS LADY WILL FOREVER BE MY PLAYER QUEEN!
AND HERE ARE THE REST OF THE LIGHT-BRINGERS...
MACK KEMP, THE TWINS, BENVOLIO AND MALVOLIO...
...THE MIGHTY GENERAL BONES...
=RRRUFF=
...AND OF COURSE, THE LOVELY SHAHRIZAD.
GOOD EVENING, MY PRINCE.
WELL, WELL. FEMALE PLAYERS. HOW NOVEL.
HOW TRUE TO LIFE.


WELL, ACCOMMODATIONS IN AN UNFINISHED CASTLE MAY NOT LIVE UP TO YOUR TROUPE'S STANDARDS...
...BUT YOU ARE WELCOME IN WYVERN!
YOUR ACCENT BETRAYS A TOUCH OF THE WELSH. ARE YOU A WELSHMAN, MY "KING"?
YOURS IS BELIEVABLY SPANISH. ARE YOU A SPANIARD, MY "BROTHER"?
I RECKON MY DAUGHTER WILL ESPECIALLY APPRECIATE YOUR TALENTS...
"...NOW WHERE DID THE LASS GET OFF TO?"
I AM CALLED ALESAND.
MY FATHER COMMANDS THE PRINCE'S GUARD...
...AND HAS LONG KNOWN YOUR LEADER.
WE'RE ALL SUPPOSED TO BE ALLIES NOW...
...WHICH MEANS, I THINK, THAT WE SHOULD ALL BE FRIENDS.
I'D LIKE THAT.
SO WOULD I.
SO WOULD WE!
I'M HUNGRY...
ALESAND! ALESAND!

...YOUR FATHER WANTS YOU TO COME SEE THE--
GASP!
SO, UM, I SEE YOU'RE HERE WITH SOME GARGOYLES. THAT'S...GOOD. YEAH. GOOD.
SNIFF SNIFF
WE'RE ALL FRIENDS, AFTER ALL.
THAT'S RIGHT!
RIGHT, RIGHT. RIGHT AND GOOD. LIKE I SAID. GOOD. ALL VERY GOOD.
NOW, DID YOU HAVE SOMETHING YOU WANTED TO TELL ME?
DID I?
OH, YES! THE PLAYERS! YOUR FATHER SAYS YOU SHOULD COME SEE THE PLAYERS!

TONIGHT? NO. I AM SORRY...
...BUT WE'VE TRAVELED FAR AND REQUIRE TIME TO REST AND PREPARE.
NO PLAY? BUT THIS WOULD BE MY FIRST...
SNIFF SNIFF
SNIFF SNIFF
TOMORROW NIGHT, MILADY, I PROMISE.
ALL RIGHT. BUT I'M NOT A LADY...
ON EVEN THE HUMBLEST STAGE, EVERY MAN IS A KNIGHT; EVERY WOMAN, A LADY!
AND UNTIL OUR STAGE IS SET...
...WHAT IF I TOLD YOU ALL A STORY 'ROUND THE FIRE? JUST TO PASS THE TIME?
OH, YES, PLEASE!
I LOVE STORIES!
WE LOVE STORIES!
I'M STILL HUNGRY.

KEEP A KEEN EYE, MY WARRIORS. FOR THERE IS MUCH TO *SAFEGUARD* UPON THIS HILL...
...AND AS ALWAYS, THE *NIGHTWATCH* BELONGS TO THE CLAN!
THE STORY IS TOLD-- THOUGH WHO CAN SAY IF IT BE TRUE--OF *THREE BROTHERS*...
...WHO WERE *DESTINED* TO SAVE THEIR LAND FROM TYRANNY--
--TO *SAVE* IT, AND *LOSE* IT, AND *SAVE* IT AGAIN...
NOT ONE FOR STORIES, I SEE.
I MAKE MY *OWN* STORIES, "YOUR MAJESTY."
WE SHALL SEE...

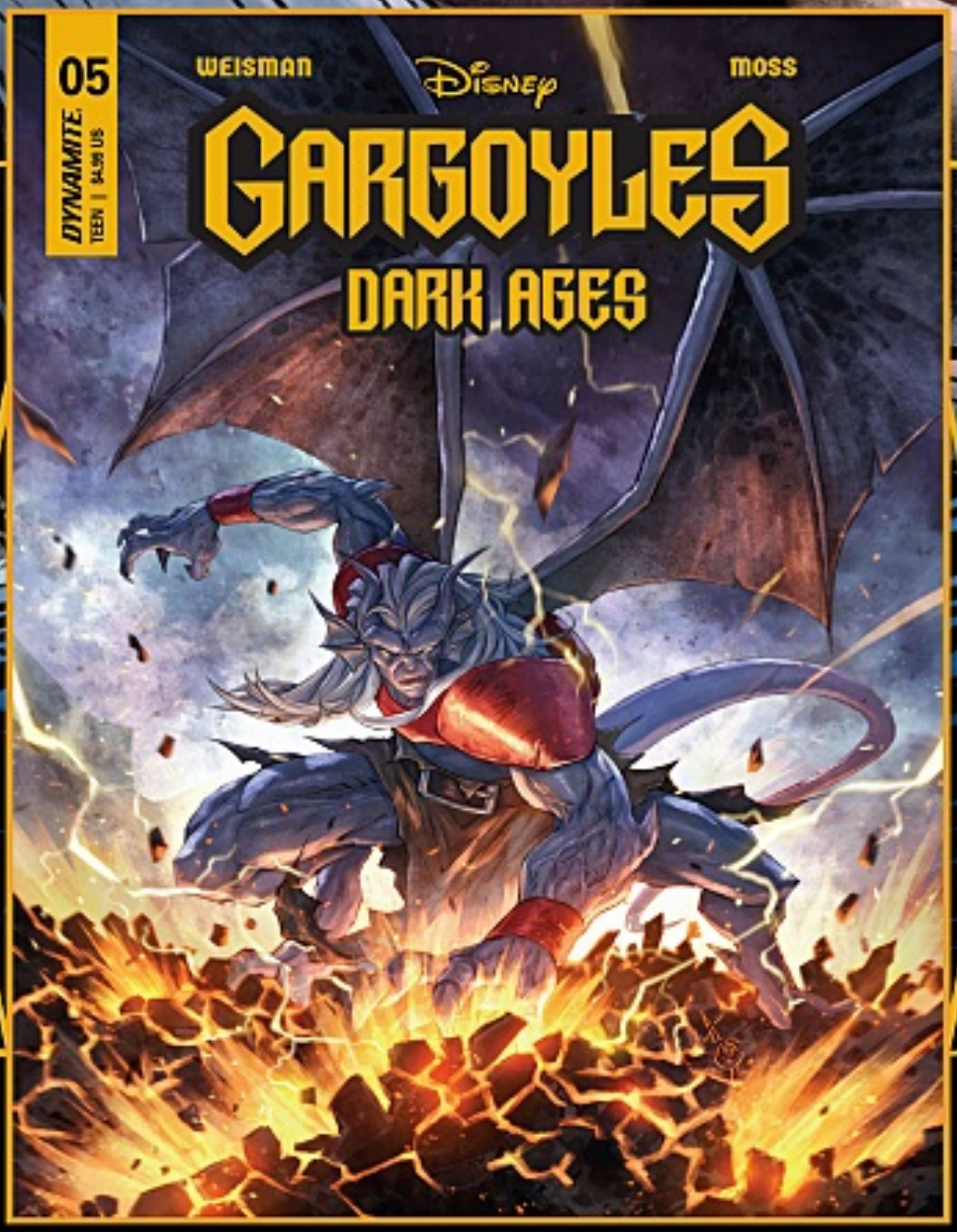
...WITHIN DAYS OF DUFF AND KENNETH'S SELF-IMPOSED EXILE FROM THE CAPITAL...
...KATHARINE GAVE BIRTH TO A HEALTHY BOY--THE THIRD BROTHER OF OUR TALE--
--WHOM SHE NAMED MALCOLM, AFTER HIS FATHER MAOL CHALVIM.
KING INDULF THEN MADE THE "GENEROUS OFFER" TO SHIP KATHARINE OFF TO HER STEPSONS--
--IF SHE LEFT BABY MALCOLM BEHIND IN HIS CUSTODY, AS INSURANCE. FOR OBVIOUS REASONS--
--KATHARINE CHOSE TO REMAIN WITH HER SON...
WHAT HAPPENED NEXT?
YOU CAN'T STOP THERE!
TELL US!
YEAH, TELL US!
THAT IS A TALE FOR ANOTHER NIGHT...

CAN'T BELIEVE SHE'S MAKING US WAIT 'TIL TOMORROW NIGHT FOR THE END OF THE STORY...
I KNOW! I WAS JUST GETTING INTERESTED!
YAWN
TIME FOR US TO SLEEP. BUT WE'LL SEE YOU COME SUNSET?
OH, YES.
KRRITCHHCHH
I THINK I'LL CALL YOU CAESAR...
AND YOU, ALEXANDER...
CHARLEMAGNE...
AND ANTIOPE, MY NEW BEST FRIEND!

=YAWN=
HM. I GUESS I HAVE BEEN UP ALL NIGHT...
...I'LL SLEEP NOW...LIKE THE GARGOYLES...
...SLEEP...AND DREAM...
NEXT: The Dream!

From Series creator GREG WEISMAN & illustrator DREW MOSS

NEXT ISSUE IN DISNEY GARGOYLES DARK AGES



The four youngest Gargoyles find themselves at the mercy of a menacing dragon, and while Mentor and Goliath ready their warriors to do battle with the great beast, the Archmage tells Angel that his magicks have sensed a problem - and an opportunity...

Covers by CLAYTON CRAIN, ALAN QUAH, MIRKA ANDOLFO, KENYA DANINO & MORE

IN STORES NOVEMBER!

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THE TALE OF THE THREE BROTHERS

PART THE FOURTH

What was the third play? What was it? What was it? Oh, well. I cannot remember. But I remember what followed…

The Story is told – though who can say if it be true – of Three Brothers, who were destined to save their land from tyranny – to save it, and lose it, and save it again.

Five years had passed since Duff was crowned High King of Scotland at Scone. It was the Nine Hundred and Sixty-Seventh year of the Common Calendar, and the kingdom was at peace. But for how long? Duff was fifty-five years old. He had many, *many* daughters, but no sons. Word had come from Ireland: Indulf was gone. But Culen was not. And worse, Culen seemed to get along well with the Irish. It was – well – an uncomfortable situation.

Duff knew he must choose an heir. And unfortunately, he *believed* a daughter would not suffice. So, Duff turned to his thirty-five-year-old brother Kenneth. Kenneth was strong and faithful. Kenneth also had a five-year-old son, Maol Chalvim, which meant succession would be secured into the next generation. Little Prince Maol was told that someday he would be king. And Little Prince Maol was quite pleased by this thought.

And what of the third brother…?

By now, everyone listening to the dark-haired woman's story knew it was a true tale of their Royal Master's history. Hence, when she asked this question, all eyes turned to the Prince, himself. He smiled, but at least pretended to be just as curious to learn what the "third brother" *had been up to as the rest of us were…*

Prince Malcolm was thirteen years old. And life for him had improved immeasurably since that frightening day when he had been buried alive in Edinburgh Castle. He'd been to every corner of Scotland with his brothers. He'd seen sorcerers and Gargoyles and maybe even a glimpse of the Loch Ness Monster. Katharine,

his mother, was honored throughout the land for her intelligence and bravery; in many ways, she had become the de facto Queen of the realm. Malcolm's two royal half-brothers welcomed him at every council meeting and even took the time to personally coach him on his swordsmanship. Frankly, in those dark times, it just didn't get any better than that.

Which of course meant, that it could not last.

Malcolm was riding along the western shores admiring the sunset. By his side, as usual, was his best friend Robbie…

Even now, in contrast, few realized that Robbie was my father, the current Captain of the Prince's Wyvern Guard. But I knew and turned halfway 'round to look at him then. He placed an index finger over his mouth and hushed me, ever so quietly, so the story would not be interrupted by anything as trivial as my personal pride in my sire…

Corporal Robert of Wyvern was twenty-one years old and had grown into a true bull of a man, complete with a new bushy mustache and a commission in the King's Guard. Malcolm was looking out to sea at the falling sun, but Robbie directed his attention to a cliff a few hundred yards distant. As the sun sank into the water, the rocks on the cliff seem to move, to flex, to grow. A great collective roar echoed down the coastline…

Charlemagne (well, that's what I called him) laughed and, in a very *loud whisper, said,* "I bet that was us!" *Everyone – Gargoyles and humans – laughed. The storyteller paused for the merriment until just after the laughter crested and fell, then…*

Malcolm's eyes went wide; Robbie laughed. *"It's a gargoyle clan,"* he explained. *"They're waking from stone."*

"Have you been there?" Malcolm asked.

"Aye," Robbie responded. *"Even talked with their* Rhydderch, *their leader. I liked him. He's a warrior. You should meet him."*

"What's his name?"

"Hasn't got one. None of them do. They're not like the Gargoyles in Scone or Loch Ness. They're rougher. Harder."

"Good peasant stock like you."

"Aye."

"Then lead the way."

She was doing voices. A nice manly voice for the Prince, and a very deep growl for my father. I turned to see the men's reaction to her playing at them. Both looked stunned. I saw the Prince mouth the word, "How?" *And then heard him whisper,* "How could she know our *exact* words?"

My father shrugged and shook his head – but began studying the Dark Lady with a new, more suspicious, eye…

They rode on, *she was saying*. The moon rose over the hills: a small crescent, a pitiful thing. Nevertheless, its light caught something out in the water. Many somethings. Ships. A fleet.

Both boys saw the fleet in the same moment. And in that moment, both boys truly became men. They didn't have to talk. They turned their horses in unison and rode off at a full gallop. They would exchange horses at camp and keep riding. The King must be told. Invasion.

At the court, meanwhile, there was celebration. Duff's wife had just given birth to her ninth child. But this child was different. This child was a male child. This child would someday be a King. Little Prince Maol was confused by this. *He* was going to be the King; he knew that. But everyone else could not have been happier, especially Duff's brother Kenneth. Kenneth immediately relinquished his role as heir to the throne and swore to serve the infant prince until his dying day. King Duff was deeply moved and named his newborn son Kenneth, after his brother and best friend.

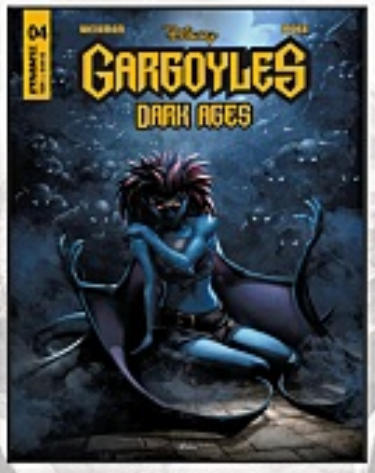
Then the shouting started. Malcolm and Robert burst into the hall. Within a day, the King and his brothers were riding west at the head of an army. A small army. There had been no warning. There had been little time to gather their forces.

Culen, now forty-five years old, led the Irish troops. He had come, he claimed, to regain his rightful throne. His armies had swept inland with surprising speed, like a dagger plunged into Scotland's back.

At Gaine, they met the King's Men…

We were all anxious to hear how the battle went for the Three Brothers – even those who must have known, who might even have been there. But by this time, we knew the next chapter of the Tale would not come until the following night…

COVER GALLERY



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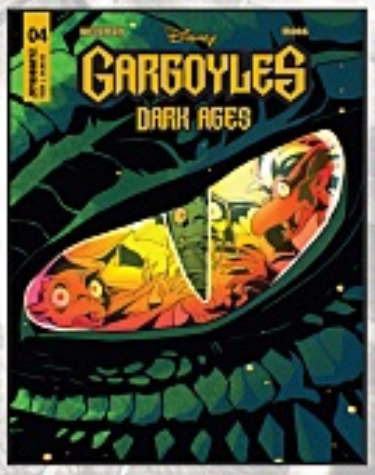

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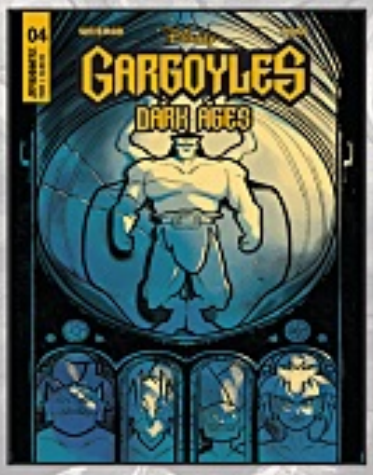

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